

request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thibby* meete by Moone-light.

*Sn.* Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

*Bot.* A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

*Enter Pucke.*

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night,

*Bot.* Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thibby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

*Sn.* You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thibby* whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* What hempen home-spuns haue we swagging here, Soneere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? What, a Play toward? He be an auditor, An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speake *Piramus*: *Thibby* stand forth.

*Pir.* *Thibby*, the flowers of odious fauours sweete.

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pir.* Odours fauours sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thibby* deare.

But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit, Pir.*

*Puck.* A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

*Thib.* Must I speake now?

*Pir.* I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

*Thib.* Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer, Most briskly Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre, Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

*Pir.* *Ninnies* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answere to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyre.

*Thib.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

*Pir.* If I were faire, *Thibby* I were onely thine.

*Pir.* O monstrous. O strange. We are haunted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

*The Clowes all Exit.*

*Puk.* Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer, A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

*Enter Piramus with the Asses head.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? This is a knaury of them to make me afear'd. *Enter Snug.*

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Asses-head of your owne, do you?

*Enter Peter Quince.*

*Pir.* Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated.

*Bot.* I see their knaury; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woofell cocke, so blacke of hew, With Orange-tawny bill.

The Throthle, with his note so true,

The Wren and little quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke, The plain-song Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

*Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe, Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;

On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

*Bot.* Me-thinks I mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, now-a-days.

The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,

And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,

Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe;

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.*

*Fai.* Ready, and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

*Tyta.* Be

*Tyta.* Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman, Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies, Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries, With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries, The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees, And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes, And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormies eyes, To haue my loue to bed, and to arise, And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies, To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies, Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

*Bot.* I cry your worshippes mercy hartly; I beseech your worshippes name.

*Cob.* *Cobweb.*

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

*Peaf.* *Pease-blossome.*

*Bot.* I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peas-cod* your father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shall desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you fir?

*Mus.* *Mustard-seede.*

*Peaf.* *Pease-blossome.*

*Bot.* Good master *Mustard-seede*, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard-seede*.

*Tyta.* Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower. The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a wotric eie,

And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

*Enter King of Pharies, Jolus.*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak't; Then what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

*Enter Pucke.*

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit, What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

*Puck.* My Mistris with a mouster is in loue, Neere to her clofe and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dult and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* stals,

Were met together to rehearse a Play,

Intended for great *Thebes* nuptiall day;

The shallowest thick-skinn of that barren fort,

Who *Piramus* presented in their sport,

Forsooke his Seche, and entered in a brake,

When I did him at this aduantage take;

An Asses nole I fixed on his head,

Anon his *Thibbie* must be answered,

And forth my Mimicke comes: when they him spie,

As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,

Or rusled-pated choughes, many in sort

(Rising and cawing at the gunns report)

Seuer themselves, and madly sweep the skye;

So at his sight, away he

And at our stampe, here

He murth'ring cries, and

Their sense thus weak

Made senselesse things

For briars and thornes

Some sleeues, some hats

I led them on in this di

And left sweete *Piramus*

When in that moment

*Tytania* wak'd, and stra

*Ob.* This fals out be

But hast thou yet lacht

With the loue iuyce, as

*Rob.* I tooke him

And the *Athenian* wom

That when he wak't, of

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Ob.* Stand close, thi

*Rob.* This is the wo

*Dem.* O why rebuke

Lay breath so bitter on

*Her.* Now I but ch

For thou (I feare) hast

If thou hast slaine *Lysan*

Being ore shooes in blo

me too:

The Sunne was not so

As he to me. Would h

From sleeping *Hermia*

This whole earth may l

May through the Cent

Her brothers noontid

It cannot be but thou h

So should a muttherer

*Dem.* So should the

Pierst through the hear

Yet you the murder

As yonder *Venus* in he

*Her.* What's this t

Ab good *Demetrius*, w

*Dem.* I'de rather g

*Her.* Out dog, out c

Of maidens patience.

Henceforth beneuer n

Oh, once tell true, eue

Durst thou a lookt vpe

And hast thou kill'd bi

Could not a worrne, an

An Adder did it: for v

Then thine (thou serpe

*Dem.* You spend y

I am not guiltie of *Lys*

Nor is he dead for ou

*Her.* I pray thee tel

*Dem.* And if I cou

*Her.* A priuiledge

And from thy hated p

Whether he be dead o

*Dem.* There is no fo

Here therefore for a w

So sorrowes heauines

For debt that bankrou

Which now in some